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What came after



15 0 2

Chapter 1 by Shadowdancer

He didn't want to touch his hands, he didn't want to cry. He didn't know what to do now, everything was going how he wanted, and then it didn't.

He rested his head on his bent up knees and wrapped his arms around it. He didn't want to deal with this right now, but he couldn't just walk away. He wanted to cry, or shiver, or both, or he was going to be a stone, a shadow forever.

It is always like this, the day was going fine, but then the sun turns dark, the shadows come out to attack him, and the white roses turn red, dripping red.

Because all around him were his victims' bodies, two swords laying beside him and everything was red.

Bright Red.

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